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ROBERT PETERSON, }

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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

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Choice Poetry.

THE WORLD HARVEST.

BY EDITH OAKLY.

They are sowing their seed in the dewy light,
They are sowing their seed in the noonday's glare;
They are sowing their seed in the cold twilight,
They are sowing their seed in the solemn night.
What shall the harvest be?

They are sowing their seed of pleasant thought,
In the Spring's green light they have blithely wrought;
They have brought their flowers from weed and dell,
Where the autumn creeps, and the flower-buds swell.
Rare shall the harvest be.

They are sowing their seed of word and deed,
Which the cold know not, nor the careless heed;
With the gentle word and the kindly thought,
They have blessed the heart with sunny thought.
Sweet will the harvest be.

And some are sowing the seed of pain,
Of late Remorse and a maddened brain;
And the tares shall fall, and the sun shall wane,
Ere they cast the weeds from their soul again.
Dark will the harvest be.

And some are standing with idle hand,
Yet they scatter seed on their native land;
And some are sowing the seed of sere,
Which thorn and heth-bevon, and cull scare bear.
Sad will the harvest be.

They are sowing their seed of noble deed,
With a deepest watch and an earnest heed;
With a conscious hand o'er the earth they sow,
And the fields are whitening where'er they go.
Rich will the harvest be.

Sown in darkness, or sown in light,
Sown in weakness, or sown in might,
Sown in meekness, or sown in wrath,
In the broad world-field or the shadowy path—
Sow will the harvest be.

Albany Eve. Jour.

Pictures of Life.

THE TEMPTATION.

FROM CHAMBERS'S PRIZE FOR THE PEOPLE.

CHAPTER I.

The moon was shining brightly over the beautiful vale of Taunton, and the simple inhabitants of the neighboring cottages were sleeping soundly in their beds, when young Vincent Holloway crept out of his. He had on neither hat nor shoes; he had lain down in his clothes, in order to deceive the vigilance of his father—a substantial farmer, but a severe man, and a rigid religionist, who made it a rule never to rest his own head on the pillow, till he had seen his son's disposed of in the same way. For, as he said, "he knew what lads were, and how ready they are to get into mischief; and these was nothing like looking well after them!"

When his less stout friends laughed, and told him that youth would be youth in spite of him, and that, do what he would, Vincent would be like other young men by and by, he answered by quoting Solomon's proverb of "Train up a child in the way it should go;" and declaring that if his son did go wrong, it should not be through any neglect of his. Come what might, hereafter, he would have nothing to reproach him for, in consequence of this determination. Vincent, though now nearly two-and-twenty years of age, was permitted to attend neither fair nor market, neither junketings nor cricket-matches—and though he had had a good education, was seldom allowed anything to read except Bunyan and the Bible, and the "Whole Duty of Man." Under these circumstances, it was impossible to enjoy the intimacy of any of the young people of the village; for during the daytime he was kept pretty closely employed in the superintendence of his father's farm, and when work was done, he was expected to be present at supper and prayers—whilst, on Sundays, church and his religious studies and examinations occupied every hour of the day. It may be presumed, therefore, that Vincent's life was not a very cheerful one, nor is it at all surprising that he should rebel in spirit against this rigid domination. Matters would have done more—broken out into open mutiny, or become a hypocrite, and caught connection in secret dissipations. But though Vincent often writhed and fretted, his temperament was not sufficiently excitable to drive him easily into either of these extremities. Added to which, he was a youth of ingenuous, and about greatly in awe of his father, upon whom it was not easy to defy. His love for him it also helped to keep him in the straight but narrow path he was condemned to—an indulgent, gentle woman, adoring her son, and fearing her husband; and who always entreated him, for her sake as well as his own, to yield to an authority she would have thought it both sinful and impossible to resist.

The only friend Vincent had was Jos Jobb, the son of the blacksmith of the village, whom Jacob at the commencement of his acquaintance with him, had forbidden to associate with his son, but whom, finding him a lad of good principles, he had encouraged to be much in his company, in the hope that his influence might be beneficial to Vincent. Jos was a year or two older than his friend, and had been apprenticed to his father, but he was of a roving disposition, and had already run away from home several times in the course of the day, and where he generally contrived to amuse himself with a little poaching, and hour of those sports and pastimes he was not allowed to partake of. It unfortunately happened that Jos was not the best companion for him in the world; but, in the first place, he had no choice, and, in the second, he had necessarily little discernment. He knew that his father did not like Jos; but who did he like that was not at odds and right at himself?—His reputation, in his son's opinion, proved nothing against Jos—it only put Vincent on his guard to control their intimacy.

When Jacob Holloway was in sight, Vincent greeted the large with a cold and of recognition; and though many a look and sign was given, and laughing there, nobody would have "told tales of the poor but whose father trusted him so humbly."

This complaisance had lasted some time without leading to any consequences; but the time was come that Vincent wanted a helping hand to a matter Jos could manage better than anybody else, and now Vincent's accommodation himself on having so serviceable a friend.

The important season in the year, indeed the only merry season poor Vincent had, was the harvest-time. There was the fun to be had, when the father was too busy to have his eye always on him; the carrying, and the supper the old man was obliged to give, whether he would or not, with the light-hearted lads and lasses that had come to help at the reaping. But of all, the harvest-home Vincent had yet enjoyed, the last had been rendered the pleasanter by the bright black eyes and rosy cheeks of Bessy Moss, the daughter of a poor widow who had not been long an inhabitant of the village.

It was quite a new sensation to Vincent when Jo Arnold his sweet heart began to stir whenever he caught sight of Bessy's little figure, and the blood rushed through his veins like whalers if, in binding up the sheaves, their fingers came in contact.

Then Bessy would blush, and withdraw her little hand; and when she gave him one of her roguish smiles—for she was a merry creature—her truth shone like Oriental pearls. Often when Vincent went home he did not know whether he was walking on his head or his heels; and, instead of sleeping all night till his father roused him from his bed-time bed. In the meantime, he lay awake in a sort of ecstasy through the cold hours, and delighted the old man by hastening to the field with the earliest dawn of light, or that, Jacob observed, is the place to him that Vincent was getting to be an industrious lad, and to like his work.

It was about three weeks after this harvest-home, when the bright September moon was shining in the clear heavens, that Vincent crept out of bed, as we have said above, and, after lifting a corner of the white muslin curtain that shaded the lattice, either to take a peep at the night, or to see if the coast was clear, advanced on tip-toe to the door of his room, and gently opened it. It was unfortunately creaky, for it would scarcely, although he had had a good education, was seldom allowed anything to read except Bunyan and the Bible, and the "Whole Duty of Man." Under these circumstances, it was impossible to enjoy the intimacy of any of the young people of the village; for during the daytime he was kept pretty closely employed in the superintendence of his father's farm, and when work was done, he was expected to be present at supper and prayers—whilst, on Sundays, church and his religious studies and examinations occupied every hour of the day. It may be presumed, therefore, that Vincent's life was not a very cheerful one, nor is it at all surprising that he should rebel in spirit against this rigid domination. Matters would have done more—broken out into open mutiny, or become a hypocrite, and caught connection in secret dissipations. But though Vincent often writhed and fretted, his temperament was not sufficiently excitable to drive him easily into either of these extremities. Added to which, he was a youth of ingenuous, and about greatly in awe of his father, upon whom it was not easy to defy. His love for him it also helped to keep him in the straight but narrow path he was condemned to—an indulgent, gentle woman, adoring her son, and fearing her husband; and who always entreated him, for her sake as well as his own, to yield to an authority she would have thought it both sinful and impossible to resist.

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CHAPTER II.

The month of September was come, and the evenings were getting dark and chill. Elizabeth Moss and her elder daughter were sitting in the dusk, with no other light but what gleamed up faintly from the bit of fire on the hearth. Presently Bessy said to say: "Oh, mother, let's get a light; it's so ranging to sit in the dark so!" But Bessy did not mind ranging now; she no longer thought of doing anything, but stood looking out with a vacant gaze; and she could sit still with her hands before her an hour at a time without stirring or speaking. The mother was as silent as the daughter—she never uttered a word. By and by, Nancy, who had been going in and out with the restlessness of childhood—for she was little more than twelve years of age—came running in with a letter, which a neighbor, who had been to Taunton market, had just brought.

"John Stokes says that he saw Uncle Philpots at the market, mother, and that he's a-coming over here to see us."

"Did he say so?" said Bessy.

"He told John Stokes so," answered Nancy. "I'm so glad! I wonder if Aunt Philpots 'll come too?"

"When's he coming?" inquired Mrs. Moss.

"I believe to-morrow; but he did not say when," answered Nancy. "Perhaps the letter tells. Shall I get a light, mother?"

"Do, child," said Mrs. Moss, turning the letter from side to side, and examining it by the light of the fire.

People who have letters every day, often more than they want, have no respect for them; they tear them open rudely, and fare themselves into their contents without the slightest deference; but it is quite a different matter with those who only get one now and then. They never attempt to penetrate into the inside till they have familiarized themselves with the physiognomy of the stranger. With them wonder comes to take precedence of curiosity; and they can postpone their desire to learn the contents of a letter till they have made out the half-effaced post-mark, or deciphered the motto on the dab of sealing-wax.

When Elizabeth Moss had turned the letter from side to side a dozen times, and held it to the light in every possible position, she at length broke the seal, and began to decipher its contents, whilst Nancy looked over her shoulder in a state of eager excitement.

"Does uncle say he's coming, mother?" asked Bessy.

"Yes; the letter says he will be here to-morrow."

"And is sent coming, too?"

"He don't say," answered Mrs. Moss. But presently observing the letter T. O. at the bottom of the page, she turned the leaf and read the following postscript: "P. S.—My old woman says she must come along with me, so I suppose I must let her have her way."

"Oh, I am so glad!" cried Nancy, jumping for joy, "I don't you pity Bessy?"

"What should I be glad for?" said Bessy.

"Cause uncle and aunt's coming," answered Nancy.

"Fosh!" said Bessy.

"La, Bessy, you're so cross getting!—you've never glad at nothing!"

"I wish, mother, you'd send Nancy to bed.—I'm sure it's past nine."

"I don't go to bed for you!" said Nancy, for from pleased at the suggestion.

"Go into neighbor Wrightsave's a bit, Nancy, and see how she is. I heard she'd got the rheumatics," said Mrs. Moss.

"Very well. I know you want me to go away, that Bessy and you may talk secrets about—I know who!" said Nancy, ready enough to go, nevertheless.

"I wish aunt wasn't coming!" said Bessy. "I wouldn't have minded uncle, but aunt's so prying."

"It's my opinion, Bessy," said Mrs. Moss, "that my brother Philpots would be the best to advise us, and that we'd as good tell him all about it."

"Oh, mother! How can you say so!" cried Bessy. "I'm as certain as I'm sitting here, that if you do, he'll go and tell old Mr. Holloway."

"Well, let him!" answered her mother, "it's no more than the young scapegrace deserves."

"Very well, mother," said Bessy, fretfully; "I see you'll just be the ruin of us, you're so obstinate."

"I'm no such thing, Bessy," said Elizabeth, who was the most gentle and least obstinate of mortals; "and I'm sure if I only thought that he'd make it all right by-and-bye—"

"And don't he say he will, mother? and haven't I got his word of write upon it? What can he do more? His son's ill's just as binding as if he'd been to church with me."

"There's no saying," answered Mrs. Moss—"Some says a bit of paper's binding in law, and some says it isn't; but no doubt my brother Philpots could tell."

But poor Bessy would have preferred remaining in ignorance rather than apply to Uncle Philpots for information. She had not only her present shame to contend with, but she dreaded his reproof, and still more that of his wife; and she looked upon their visit as most unfortunate and ill-timed.

On the following morning she contrived to waylay Vincent, and make known to him the impending danger.

"How unlucky!" said he; "but can't you make your mother hold her tongue?"

"But even if I could it wouldn't be of no use, I'm afraid; for Aunt Philpots is such a forret, there's no hiding nothing from her."

It was a terrible crisis; for although Vincent had certainly gained some confidence, and in a slight degree emancipated himself, yet the idea of his right father's becoming acquainted with this unfortunate connection, and consequently with the extent to which he had been deceiving him for the last twelvemonth, filled him with terror. Then there were other considerations to vex him. He expected that his father, being a just and religious man, might pass sentence of death on his "making Bessy an honest woman" by marrying her; and Vincent did not want to marry Bessy. He wished her no ill, but he should have been very well content never to see her face again. The escape in which passion had enveloped her had disappeared, and he saw her as she was—an uneducated, ignorant peasant girl, who had been pretty from her youth and childhood, but whose beauty indications and maturity were beginning already to fade. He did not open do her justice; for she was in reality still pretty, and to many an eye would have been interesting; but poor Bessy had no more charms for Vincent Holloway. Added to all this, some new lights were beginning to dawn upon him—new ideas of life and the world. These events occurred at the period when all England was excited about Redcorn; and to the surprise of every body, old Jacob came out quite in a new character. He was found to have strong opinions on the subject, and, roused by the conflict, he not only attended several public meetings at Taunton himself, but he had taken his son with him, in order to add a unit to the party, and to indoctrinate the young man with right views. And Vincent was delighted; not that he cared much about the question they were agitating; indeed, to say the truth, he had rather observe notions on to the advantages that were to accrue to the King's lieges from the proposed alterations, but he positively understood the pleasure of finding himself, for the first time in his life, of some importance, as the only son of a man that formed a good many votes; he liked the bustle and the crowd, and the thronged streets, and the ribbons and banners, and processions and bands of music; and, above all, he was in a state of great excitement at the prospect of a ball which was to be given at the Castle Inn by the Reformers, and to which, most unexpectedly, Jacob, in the

THE MISFORTUNES OF A NEAR-SIGHTED MAN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

Remember of amusing anecdotes from the shortest defect of near-sightedness being very plentiful in Madrid, I find it the easiest way only to be in selecting a few from amongst the many poor sights who are suffering from the infirmity; but upon due reflection, I think, perhaps, that the misadventures of my friend, Don Felipe R——— will be as entertaining as any that I could lay before my fair readers. Now, ladies, I hear it raised,

"Who is Don Felipe R———?"

Patience, gentle readers, whilst I explain to you that he is a charming youth of three-and-twenty, whose pale complexion and expressive countenance give him the air of a perfect *Hero de Roman*," added to which, an ardent temperament, and consequent aptitude to fall in love, cause him to find cupboard favor with the fair sex, and to meet with many agreeable adventures in his (perhaps) short career. Unfortunately, these advantages are in some measure counterbalanced by his extreme shortness of sight, which not only gets him into many scrapes with husbands and dancers, but prevents his ever seeing the smiles and glances which cause him such rapid success among the tender portion thereof. A foresight, however, had recently taught him a method to correct in his domestic affairs, and he was on his way to the Prado, with a friend, to breathe his invention to the public, when I introduce myself to the reader, and submit it—unless ready to embrace a fresh adventure. So much for the consistency of three-and-twenty!

It was on one of those soft and pleasant evenings in July, when it is so delightful to breathe the balmy air under the shady trees, that the Prado was thronged with gay and elegant company, and every one was in motion, from the pedestrian to the coach-and-four, by each proposed relishing his fair share of the fun. With his natural fearlessness, Don Felipe commenced his task, and after assuming all the obstinate which had occurred, he concluded by commending his resolution of giving it up for ever. His answer had his accustomed sparkling, then he finished his beard a rapid movement in the neighboring trees; and espying lasting resting, the neighborhood, amongst other persons, a military man, accompanied by a young lady, seated at a little distance. On opening a pocket-glass and placing up his glass, he there discovered his lovely Matilda, and was most convinced that she had heard all his previous conversation. "Ingenious!" was the only word which he could articulate; whilst, at the same moment, her father called a little boy to fight his cigar.

"Yes young man, Don Felipe; I did not hear that, but the trembling Matilda, actually——"

"Who, then, wrote it?"

A number of an hour elapsed ere the world vouchsafe a reply. "I do not know," said she, at length; "but you had better go away, and at twelve I shall be on the balcony."

Hope once more shed its bright rays on the heart of Don Felipe, and, full of the happiest thoughts, and the most pleasing anticipations, he waited for the appointed hour. On hastening to the spot he beheld Matilda closely at her casement, and not but gone with renewed astonishment on her lover's eyes and lovely countenance; but his transition were not yet destined to end, as we shall soon see.

Contrary to his usual custom, on this evening Matilda's father had taken his hand to breathe the fresh air after supper; and there he lay, stretched in an easy-chair, on the balcony, next to her sanctuary. It was in vain that she begged him to retire but he should take cold. Our heroine's positive assertion received his seeing the old man; and with perfect accents he commenced a conversation with his beloved.

"Matilda," said her father, aptly, "is my ear speaking to you?"

"To me, papa? No; certainly not."

"Then to whom is your voice?"

"Listen to me, dearest," continued the lover.

"You see I had good reason to be angry; here is the note."

"Let me see it, this moment, you deceitful girl!" said the Colonel, jumping to "Away with you, and bring hither a light, in order that I may read it." He entered the room, scarcely at poor Matilda as he opened the note, and read as follows:—"Calmbleu, if, on the evening of the Municipium's ball, my indisposition cannot pass to occasion my absence——"

"Death and fury!—what do I see?—this letter is from my wife!"

"Alas, papa!——"

"Infamous wretch! at her age to make my own conquests began!"

"But, papa——"

"Begone, child! Let me pass, until I awaken her, and rouse the house."

He soon accomplished this; and the neighbors were lost in conjectures as to the probable cause of such a disturbance at so unusual an hour. This desperate state of affairs caused the greatest anxiety to the disappointed lover, who remained like a phantom below, listening to the sound of *gold pre pass*.

His open character, together with a delicate sense of honor, prevented Don Felipe from attributing this mistake to any long premeditated. Accordingly, he announced courage, and knocked at the door in a determined manner. The Colonel looked over the balcony.

"Caballero," said our friend, "as no good as to listen for a moment to an explanation of my conduct."

The old man seized his pistols, and, rushing down stairs, opened the door. "Do you listen to me?" said he, addressing our hero, at the same moment pointing the pistol at him.

"Calm yourself," replied Don Felipe, "and listen to me. My name is Don Felipe R———; my house and family are well known. An unfortunate series of mistakes has caused me to disturb the tranquility of your house, and I request permit these to remain longer unexplained."

Hereupon he commenced a faithful account of all that had happened, which was fully corroborated by both mother and daughter; and he then proceeded to calming the agitation of the jealous Colonel.

On the following morning Don Felipe was presented in due form by the Municipium; and when the old man was made acquainted with his rank and fortune, he had no opposition to offer to the match.

* * * * *

For the benefit of such of my readers as may wish to know the subsequent history of the above parties, I must inform them that the marriage was celebrated very shortly after the above events had taken place; but truth obliges me to whisper, that when Don Felipe surveillant his fair partner, with the assistance of a pair of spectacles and a clear light, he discovered that her beauty was somewhat impaired by sundry small pox marks, and a few other slight defects. Her personal qualities, therefore, were then counterbalanced from spots on the sun; so that only one thing remained for Don Felipe to do to order to forget them, and that was—to take off his spectacles.

A CHEERFUL PRESENCE.—The following and beautiful passage occurs in one of Frederika Bremer's books: "There is much goodness in the world, although at a superficial glance it is disposed to doubt it. What is bad is natural abroad, is reduced back from side to side, and newspapers and the social circles find much to say about it; whilst what is good goes at last like sunshine quietly through the world."

Selected Articles.

THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER OF RUSSIA.

FROM THE FRENCH OF SOUAD.

The traits of Alexander are comprised in his infidelity to a beautiful, accomplished, and affectionate wife. He unquestionably loved her while wounding her delicate feelings by his criminal attachments to other women. After many years of mental pain, the injured Elizabeth gave him the choice of giving her up, or banishing on imperious mistress, by whom the Emperor had a numerous family.

Alexander could not resolve to separate for ever from his amiable and virtuous consort—he made the sacrifice she required of him.

His gallantry now placed him in unpleasant situations, and brought him in contact with persons immeasurably beneath him. He once fell in love with a tailor's wife at Warsaw, and not being well acquainted with the character of the pretty grisette, construed her acceptance of the visit he proposed making her, into acceptance of his suit. The fair Pole was too simple, and had been too virtuously brought up, to comprehend his intentions. Her husband was absent, so she thought it would not be proper to receive the Imperial visit alone; she made, therefore, a re-union of her own and her husband's relations—rich people of the bourgeoisie class—and when the Emperor entered her saloon, he found himself in company with thirty or forty persons, to whom he was immediately introduced by his fair and innocent hostess. The astonished sovereigns was obliged to make himself agreeable to the party, none of them appeared to have divined his criminal intentions. He made no further attempt to corrupt the innocence of this beautiful woman, whose simplicity formed the safeguard of her virtue.

A severe trial separated him for ever from his last mistress, who had borne him a daughter; the child was the idol of his heart, and to have her near was the pleasure of his life. At eighteen the young lady eclipsed every woman in his empire by her dazzling beauty and graceful manners. Suddenly she was seized with an intermittent fever, for which no physician in St. Petersburgh could find a remedy. Her mother, selfish and timid, deserted the sick chamber of the suffering girl, over whom the bitter tears of a father were vainly shed, while he kept incessant vigils over her when he would have saved from the power of the grave at the expense of his life and crown. The dying daughter asked incessantly for her mother, upon whom she was devoted to breathe her last sigh; but neither the pathetic intercession nor the commands of her Imperial lover could induce the unnatural parent to risk her health by granting the interview for which her poor child craved, and she expired in the arms of her father, without the consolation of bidding her mother a last adieu.

Some days after the death of his natural daughter, the Emperor Alexander entered the house of an English officer to whom he was much attached. He was in deep mourning and appeared very unhappy. "I have just followed to the grave," said he, "as a private person the remains of my poor child, and I cannot yet forgive the unnatural woman who deserted the death bed of her daughter. Besides, my sin, which I never repented of, has found me out, and the vengeance of God has fallen upon its fruits. Yes, I deserted the best and most amiable of wives, the object of my first affection, for women who neither possessed her beauty nor mind. I have profaned the temple of the Lord, and my punishment is the loss of my children, for whom who neither I love it raised.

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"Listen to me, dearest," continued the lover.

"You see I had good reason to be angry; here is the note."

"Let me see it, this moment, you deceitful girl!" said the Colonel, jumping to "Away with you, and bring hither a light, in order that I may read it." He entered the room, scarcely at poor Matilda as he opened the note, and read as follows:—"Calmbleu, if, on the evening of the Municipium's ball, my indisposition cannot pass to occasion my absence——"

"Death and fury!—what do I see?—this letter is from my wife!"

"Alas, papa!——"

"Infamous wretch! at her age to make my own conquests began!"

"But, papa——"

"Begone, child! Let me pass, until I awaken her, and rouse the house."

He soon accomplished this; and the neighbors were lost in conjectures as to the probable cause of such a disturbance at so unusual an hour. This desperate state of affairs caused the greatest anxiety to the disappointed lover, who remained like a phantom below, listening to the sound of *gold pre pass*.

His open character, together with a delicate sense of honor, prevented Don Felipe from attributing this mistake to any long premeditated. Accordingly, he announced courage, and knocked at the door in a determined manner. The Colonel looked over the balcony.

"Caballero," said our friend, "as no good as to listen for a moment to an explanation of my conduct."

The old man seized his pistols, and, rushing down stairs, opened the door. "Do you listen to me?" said he, addressing our hero, at the same moment pointing the pistol at him.

"Calm yourself," replied Don Felipe, "and listen to me. My name is Don Felipe R———; my house and family are well known. An unfortunate series of mistakes has caused me to disturb the tranquility of your house, and I request permit these to remain longer unexplained."

Hereupon he commenced a faithful account of all that had happened, which was fully corroborated by both mother and daughter; and he then proceeded to calming the agitation of the jealous Colonel.

On the following morning Don Felipe was presented in due form by the Municipium; and when the old man was made acquainted with his rank and fortune, he had no opposition to offer to the match.

* * * * *

For the benefit of such of my readers as may wish to know the subsequent history of the above parties, I must inform them that the marriage was celebrated very shortly after the above events had taken place; but truth obliges me to whisper, that when Don Felipe surveillant his fair partner, with the assistance of a pair of spectacles and a clear light, he discovered that her beauty was somewhat impaired by sundry small pox marks, and a few other slight defects. Her personal qualities, therefore, were then counterbalanced from spots on the sun; so that only one thing remained for Don Felipe to do to order to forget them, and that was—to take off his spectacles.

A CHEERFUL PRESENCE.—The following and beautiful passage occurs in one of Frederika Bremer's books: "There is much goodness in the world, although at a superficial glance it is disposed to doubt it. What is bad is natural abroad, is reduced back from side to side, and newspapers and the social circles find much to say about it; whilst what is good goes at last like sunshine quietly through the world."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

TERMS, &c.

Miscellaneous.

GENERAL LOPEZ.

AN AMERICAN ABOMINATION.

FALSE REPORTS.

A NEW POST.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE LOPEZ INVASION.

CITY EVILS.

JOHN BULL ASTONISHED.

COLORED DAGUERREOTYPES.

CUBA SCRIP.

SHANKLAND'S FASHIONS.

THE MORMONS.

POSTSCRIPT.

New Publications.

Foreign Items.

General News.

FROM CALIFORNIA.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Clippings.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY EVENING POST

DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

General News.

LATER FROM CUBA.

LOPEZ GAROTTED—THE EXPEDITION COMPLETELY ROUTED—PRISONERS TO BE SENT TO SPAIN—DESTRUCTION OF THE CREOLES.

[illegible]

[From the New York Herald.]

The Invasion of Lopez—The Way the Invaders Managed—The Spanish Troops and the Country People—The Execution of Lopez—No Indignities to the Fifty.

HAVANA, Sept. 1, 1851.

By the papers, you will get detailed accounts of the fate of the Lopez expedition. I shall, therefore, merely touch upon some of the principal facts connected therewith.

[illegible]

SPANISH OFFICIAL PUBLICATIONS.

[illegible]

FRANCISCO A. LAINE.

Signed before me—BLAS VILLAIRA.

Lopez, with six of his men, was captured by D. Jose Antonio Castañedo, with fifteen peasants. The country people flocked from all quarters to see him.

NAMES OF INVADERS CAPTURED.

The following are the names and places of nativity of the prisoners as published by the authorities of the island. It will be seen that they comprise the greater number of the 155 said to be in their hands:

[illegible]

We find in the *Faro* a full list of the number of Lopez's force, as follows:

[illegible]

It seems by the following that the Puerto Principe insurrection, what there was of it, has been completely suppressed:

"MILITARY SECRETARY'S OFFICE.

[illegible]

"PEDRO ESTEVAN.

Havana, Aug. 18, 1851.

[From the Louisville Courier, Sept. 2.]

Letter from John Fisher, one of the Unfortunate Victims.

We received by yesterday's mail the following letter from John Fisher, late of this city, who was among the fifty Americans executed at Havana, on the 16th of August. Mr. Fisher was employed for sometime in the Louisville Marine Hospital, and more latterly was engaged in the business of Cupping and Leeching, his office being on Jefferson Street, near second:

HAVANA, Aug. 16, 1851.

Mr. W. N. Haldeman, Editor Louisville Courier.

[illegible]

Yours, respectfully,

J. FISHER.

Hospital Steward of the Army of Cuba.

[illegible]

POLITICAL NEWS.

[illegible]

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER, No. 22 South Third street.

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY E. JOHNSTON & Co., BROKERS, No. 36 South Third Street.

PHILADELPHIA, September 13, 1851.

[illegible]

Local News.

[illegible]

ALMANAC.

[illegible]

Marriages.

[illegible]

MARRIAGES IN CALIFORNIA.

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

DEATHS IN CALIFORNIA.

[illegible]

NEW YORK MARKETS, SEPT. 6.

[illegible]

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

[illegible]

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST MAY be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of DEXTER & BROTHER, 43 Ann St., New York; HOTCHKISS & Co., Boston, Mass.; MILTON BOULEMENT, Mobile, Ala.; J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.; W. TAYLOR & Co., Baltimore, Md.; SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Conn.; F. HAGAN & Co., Nashville Tenn.; S. W. PEASE, 20 West Sixth Street, and 29 East Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio; COURTENAY & WIENGES, Charleston, S. C.; W. ADAM, Washington, D. C.; EDWARDS & RINGGOLD, Louisville, Ky.; ELI ADAMS, Salem, N. J.

[illegible]

THE BOOK OF THE SEASON! For 1852.

TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SIX ENGRAVINGS!!

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RETAIL PRICE ONLY $2.00.

[illegible]

AGENTS WANTED.

[illegible]

ROBERT SEARS, 181 William Street, New York.

[illegible]

THE SAVING FUND of the NATIONAL SAFETY COMPANY, No. 68 Walnut Street, two doors above Third, is open every day, from 9 A. M. to 7 P. M. [illegible]

FALL FASHIONS.

OUR PLATE OF GENTLEMEN'S Costume for the Fall and Winter of 1851 and '52, is now being delivered to subscribers. [illegible]

J. R. SHANKLAND, 100 Chesnut st., 3d story, Philada.

HOE'S CAST STEEL CIRCULAR AND LONG SAWS.

THE SUBSCRIBERS manufacture from the best cast steel, CIRCULAR SAWS, from two to five feet diameter. [illegible]

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[illegible]

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[illegible]

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WM. D. ROGERS.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

[illegible]

DR. D. JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE.

THIS VALUABLE PREPARATION [illegible] SCROFULA, KING'S EVIL, WHITE SWELLINGS, ULCERS, SCROFULOUS, CANCEROUS AND INDOLENT TUMORS, MERCURIAL AND SYPHILITIC AFFECTIONS, GOITRE or BRONCHOCELE, [illegible]

BRONCHOCELE or GOITRE.

CANCER AND CANCEROUS AND SCIRRHUS TUMORS.

CHOREA—ST. VITUS' OR ST. ANTHONY'S DANCE.

COMPLICATED AND MIXED DISEASES.

DISEASES OF THE HEART.

DROPSICAL SWELLINGS.

DYSPEPSIA AND LIVER COMPLAINT.

ENLARGEMENTS OF THE BONES, JOINTS, RHEUMATISM, &c.

ENLARGEMENT OF THE ABDOMEN.

ENLARGEMENT OF THE OVARIES.

EPILEPTIC FITS.

FUNGUS HÆMATODES.

MANIA FROM MELANCHOLY.

ERYSIPELAS, ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE, OR ROSE.

MERCURIAL AND SYPHILITIC AFFECTIONS.

MILK, OR WHITE LEG.

MUCOUS MEMBRANE, INFLAMMATION OF.

NEURALGIA OR TIC DOLOREUX.

RHEUMATISM.

SCALD HEAD. (TINEA CAPITAS.)

SCROFULA, KING'S EVIL, &c.

SKIN DISEASES.

ULCERATION OF THE BONES.

WEAKNESS OF THE EYES.

FEMALE DISEASES.

[illegible]

Prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE, No. 84 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia, where may be had JAYNE'S MEDICAL ALMANAC AND GUIDE TO HEALTH, [illegible]

TO DEALERS IN DRY G[OODS]

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[illegible]

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[illegible], No. 147 Market Street, Phila.

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OPPOSITE INDEPENDENCE HALL.

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THIS INVALUABLE REMEDY FOR all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, [illegible]

[illegible]

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MORSE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF YELLOW DOCK ROOT.—[illegible]

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IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD.

BILIOUS COMPLAINTS,

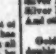
FEMALE WEAKNESS AND GENERAL DEBILITY,

LIVER COMPLAINT, CATARRH, DYSPEPSIA, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, COUGHS, ETC.

CHRONIC NATURE.

[illegible]

CHEAP WATCHES, JEWELRY, &C.



[illegible]

WATCHES.

JEWELRY.

[illegible]

GEORGE RUSSELL, No. 18 N. Sixth, opposite Commerce St., Phila.

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WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

[illegible]

WATCHES.

JEWELRY.

SILVER WARE.

PLATED WARE.

BRITTANIA WARE.

[illegible]

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I. O. O. F.

J. W. & E. D. STOKES,

[illegible] No. 156 Market Street below Sixth Street, [illegible]

Selected Poetry.

A HOME PICTURE.

BY F[illegible] D. GAGE.

[illegible]

Ohio Cultivator.

Biography.

PRIVATE LIFE OF JOHN C. CALHOUN.

(From an article by Miss M. Bates, (in the International Magazine,) upon Mr. Calhoun, we take the following extracts:)

[illegible]

Wit and Humor.

THE COUNSELLOR POSED.

At a trial in the Court of King's Bench, June, 18[illegible], between [illegible] ... Sir James Scarlett ... Cooke ...

[illegible]

Lord Denman.—"Are you satisfied, Sir James?"

Sir James—(Who, *dung red* as he naturally was, to use poor Jack Reeve's own words, had become *scarlet*, in more than name,) in a great huff, said—"The witness may go down!"

And go down he did, amidst renewed laughter, in which all joined, particularly the learned brothers, except one, who did'nt see any joke in the matter.

LINES TOUCHING THE LINE.

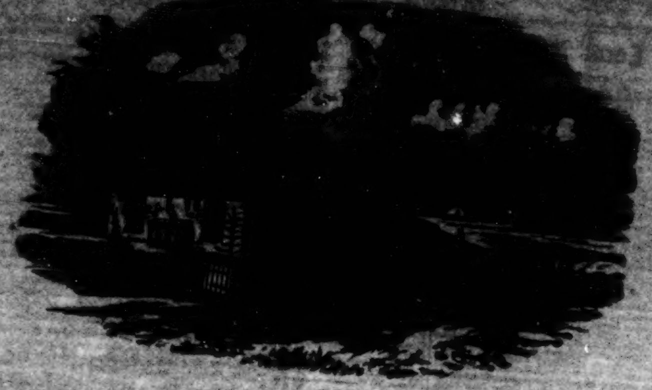
A Yankee of genius, by no means a lubber,
Invented some ships built of tough India-rubber,
Which would walk in half no time all over creation;
So thinking he'd found out a boon for his nation,
To Congress he offered his Mcintosh fleet,
Which he guessed would all other craft very soon beat;
But Congress his vessels thought fit to decline,
Lest in sailing across, they should rub out the Line.

A SLOW RAILROAD.—All the papers are poking fun at a slow railroad somewhere in the sovereign State of Michigan. The "Carpet Bag" furnishes some additional reminiscences of the same road:

There is much excitement along the road respecting the killing and maiming of cattle; and one farmer, who had a valuable cow badly injured by a locomotive, after complaining about the matter and getting grossly insulted by the employees on the road, told the engineer that the next time he came along he would give him a thrashing, which was laughed at. The next time the "iron horse" came snorting along by the farmer's house, the old fellow sallied out, with a big bull-dog and set him at the "bull-gine." The dog caught hold of the cow-catcher, held on, and *stopped it, while the farmer licked the engineer*; when, calling off his dog, he let the train go on again!

[illegible]

Our Picture Gallery.



A MODEL COTTAGE.

[illegible]

GOOD-MORNING.

"Oh, I am so happy!" the little girl said,
As she sprang, like a lark, from her low trundle bed;
"'Tis morning, bright morning! Good-morning, papa!
Oh, give me one kiss for good-morning, mamma!
[illegible]

"Happy you may be, my dear little girl!"
[illegible]

An angel looked down in the sunshine, and smiled;
But she saw not the angel, that beautiful child!

Sketches of Travel.

THE ENGLISH.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

I do not wholly like these cold and stately English, yet I think I am not blind to their many sterling qualities. [illegible]

[illegible]

Miscellaneous.

GHOST STORIES.—Ghost stories are classed.— [illegible]

[illegible]

☞ A venerable old lady, who had a daughter [illegible] ... "And the Lord saith, It is so, it is, that he did."

[illegible]

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1, 8, 6, 9, 7, 8, 13, 5, is one of the United States.
My 2, 9, 6, 13, 1, 5, 12, 3, is a town in Scotland.
My 3, 4, 6, 10, is a river in Egypt.
My 4, 10, 5, 6, 2, 3, 1, is a part of Great Britain.
My 5, 13, 4, 10, is a lake of North America.
My 6, 10, 7, 4, 10, is a county in New York.
My 7, 8, 12, 10, 5, 7, is a city of Russia.
My 8, 11, 3, 2, is a volcano in Sicily.
My 9, 5, 12, 3, 13, is a town in Switzerland.
My 10, 12, 3, 4, 9, is a river in France.
My 11, 13, 4, 9, 10, 11, 5, is a city of Europe.
My 12, 6, 9, 8, is an island in the Mediterranean.
My 13, 8, 1, is a river of North America.
My whole is a great lawyer and statesman.

Newport, Ky. E. W. M.

COLLEGIATE ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 19, 10, 4, 7, is a college in Connecticut.
My 9, 10, 26, 17, 27, 20, 14, is a college in Missouri.
My 6, 8, 3, 15, 6, 7, 27, 20, 18, 10, is a college in the District of Columbia.
My 1, 20, 10, 20, 11, 20, 19, 12, 11, is a college in Mississippi.
My 25, 7, 24, 27, 20, 11, is a college in Kentucky.
My 13, 27, 8, 9, 5, 15, 10, 5, 20, is a college in Louisiana.
My 3, 19, 9, 10, 19, 27, 20, 27, is a college in Pennsylvania.
My 28, 7, 16, 20, 20, 15, 20, is a University in Pennsylvania.
My 21, 15, 20, 10, 23, 11, 20, 9, 10, is the seat of a college in one of the Middle States.
My 2, 10, 6, 19, 19, 24, 6, 5, is a college in Alabama.
My whole is a college in one of the Middle States.

Salem county, New Jersey. U. A. C.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first's the support and foundation of trade,
My second is three-fifths of being;
A pair, when complete, will have legs and feet,
But neither organs for hearing or seeing.

Tallahassee, Fa. M. L. C.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

To find how long a ball will be in falling to the earth from the distance of the sun, supposing that distance to be one hundred millions of miles; as also its velocity when it arrives at the earth, supposing it to be acted on only by the attraction of the earth, and that it is not resisted by the earth's atmosphere?

Portland, Me. N. Y.

CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

☞ What Heathen deity does a friend name when he calls on us and asks us to endorse his note? Ans.—Bacchus (Back us.)

☞ When is an awkward lover like a gunsmith?—Ans.—When he makes a blunderbuss.

☞ What musical instrument is that which cannot be believed? Ans.—A lyre (liar.)

☞ What month, minus a letter, offers the incident? Ans.—J-uly (You lie.)

☞ What metal is it whose name indicates fight? Ans.—Iron (I ran.)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Electro-Magnetic Telegraph.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Cuban Expedition.

CHARADE.—Crystal Palace.

PROBLEM.—30,000 lbs.

CABINET OF CURIOSITIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Some dirt scraped from the root of all evil.
The handle to the cup of sorrow.
[illegible]

C. E. B.

Agricultural.

A FEW WORDS ON HATCHING AND REARING POULTRY.

[illegible]

THE UTILITY OF LEAVES.— [illegible]

PRESERVING THE EYES OF CHILDREN.— [illegible]

The Flower Garden.

GARDEN HINTS.— [illegible]

STRAWBERRIES.— [illegible]

VICTORIA REGIA.—A specimen of this magnificent species of the Water Lily, is now in the [illegible] ... It was grown from seed received from Sir Wm. J. Hooker, Director of the Royal Gardens at Kew, England, and planted on the 21st day of March last, in a tank within a hot-house, constructed expressly for the purpose. The tank is twenty-four feet in diameter, and the leaves, seven in number, entirely cover the surface of the water. The largest leaf is six and a half feet in diameter, of circular form, and of great beauty. The flower is of similar gigantic proportions, resembling in its general character, the *Nymphæa Odorata*, or Water Lily of this country, of a white color, delicately tinted to a rosy pink, and equally fragrant. The size attained by flowers at Chatsworth, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire, and at the Royal Gardens at Kew, in England, was fourteen inches in diameter.

WIRE-WORMS.— [illegible] —*Prairie Farmer.*

WATERY MILK.—From 80 to 90 pounds in every 100 pounds of cow's milk are water. [illegible] —*Norton.*

CULTIVATING BLACKBERRIES.— [illegible]

MILK CREAM.— [illegible] —*Norton.*

THE SHANGHAE CABBAGE.— [illegible]

LIME IN OLD GARDENS.— [illegible]

A PARLIAMENTARY ON [illegible]

The Olio.

ONE STORY'S GOOD TILL ANOTHER IS TOLD.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

There's a maxim that all should be willing to mind;
'Tis worthy of notice wherever you roam,
[illegible]
That "one story's good till another is told!"

[illegible]
"We one story's good till another is told!"

MARRIAGES IN PARIS.— [illegible]

GARDENS [illegible]— [illegible]

This latter pride was exhibited by the Anant [illegible] —*Cambridge Chronicle.*

THE CURSE OF POVERTY.— [illegible] —T. G. Massey.

ENERGY.— [illegible]

WHAT THE [illegible]— [illegible]

THE RIGHT KIND OF A MAN.— [illegible]

For Housekeepers.

SAVOURY PIE.— [illegible]

POTATO PIE.— [illegible]

HOT POT.— [illegible]

[illegible]